

## Luck by OTTSTF

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**Summary:**

"Why did we meet?"

"I guess we got lucky."

## Luck

### Author's Note:

Drabble? From me?

Holy Duffer, yes please. I could definitely get into writing like this more often - assuming I get ideas >:  
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“Mike?”

He turns his head away from the TV in front of them to look at El, who’s leaned against him on the sofa.

“Yeah?”

“How did we meet?”

His eyebrows furrow in confusion. What could she mean by that?

“You mean other than meeting in the woods, in the freezing co-”

“No, I know that, silly.” El rolls her eyes. “Okay, *why* did we meet?”

And now Mike’s eyebrows reach for his hairline. El notices this, so she clarifies her question.

“Anyone could’ve found me. I could’ve lived in *Troy*’s basement, if I got unlucky. I could’ve been left to die out there. But no, I found you.”

Mike smiles as he recalls the moment. The most defining moment of his life. Arguably one of the best.

“Why do you think that happened?”

Mike considers the question for a moment, leaning back as he thinks. A few seconds pass, and then it comes to him.

“I guess you said it.” he tells her. “I guess, the stars aligned or something, and I got lucky.”

“*We*.” she corrects, playfully poking his arm. “*We* got lucky.”

That puts the trademark goofy smile onto Mike's face.

"If you call being stuck with *me* 'lucky'." he jokes.

"I do." El doesn't hesitate to tell him. "I've thought myself lucky since the day we met, and I always will."

Goofy smile turns into stretched-across-the-face smile, Mike pulls El into a not-too-tight-but-still-tight hug with one arm. As if natural instinct, El wraps one of hers over his shoulders in return.

"I have too, El." he tells her. "I'm the luckiest person on this planet, because I met you."

**Author's Note:**

Mileven is my oxygen. Scientists, fight me about it.